

# Y'all Ready Know

## Slaughterhouse

Yo yo, yo yo, yo yo, yo yo, just remember

This your man Royce Da 5'9"

This your dude Crooked I

Man, Jump off Joe Beezy

It's Joell Ortiz Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse Little niggas get your weight up fuck  
y'all, pay up

My bars just as slick as my dick and both stay up

Nicer than me, say what? Wait up, straight up

I finish niggas right off the bat like a layup

I seen a lot of come, I seen a lot of go

But y'all know where I'm from, B-R double O

You know the rest pimpin', yeah, I was bred different

Here come pops with the NY bop, you know, the leg limp'in'

My ice mug frozen till it's stiff

Grimy nigga, might wanna hold onto your bitch

I got a way with women, I faithfully play with women

Let 'em suck on this bottle and pray that I throw a baby in 'em

I might just throw 'em a gold fronts

Pour up a cup of E & J and light up a dro blunt

I was never soft, never saw me flinchin' when they lettin' off

Never had to retaliate cause I set it off Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse Ya'll know my  
name, bitch, never change up my language

I'm just a rich nigga from a city that's bankrupt

First we take oath

Then I'm pulling turquoise strings in my Lebron corks In Turks and Caicos

I came from wicked chair fame wearin' short sets

I learned that money can't buy happiness

But I decided I'd rather do all my cryin' in the Corvette

Make a dollar, buy a suit

Have a child, and have 'em follow suit

Wavin' that weatherchange things

Make the winter fall, coming through with everything to lose

Taking everything from you know

Let him finish his fall in his draws

And pray that he land on that minute hand in my Hublot

I'm about that Art Of War gospel

That Basquiat Picasso drawing a roscoe

Using the blood of a usual thug who was told die slow

Your money on me, bet it all, you know I'mma set it off Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know,

Slaughterhouse  
Let's skip the small talk and get right to the wealth  
Truth is I give a fuck, but it's right to myself  
Fuck fame, keep the shit I write to myself  
If what I do is therapeutic, man, the slightest shit helps  
Made angel dust my freshman year  
Gave it a try, cool, little did I knew  
Had the wrong meaning of high school  
Teachers called him a sociopath and a liar  
Fuck them, only went to class for the cyphers  
Now I'm gettin' bills for  
The same thinking they tried to prescribe pills for  
They said I needed a wrench, I'm a loose screw  
Vital, suicidal, said I would kill mi amour  
Wasn't speakin' in French, said I'd let it off  
Never know who or what you might get  
Main reason they never want me to set it off  
You now dealing with four niggas that's never off  
All bets off, so nah, you won't be better off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse  
Jewish tats  
arm on my arm like a Semitic boss  
Egyptian art hanging, uh, that's my Kemetic cross  
Slaughterhouse set it off  
Even got bitches wavin' our flag, Betsy Ross  
Old school Chevy, the head is off  
Decapitated Impala  
Heavy lack from the weight of the llama  
Still bear arms like a shaven koala  
How you thinkin' like a faded neurology student  
Is prudent when chasin' a dollar  
So never mind, a clever rhyme  
I'd rather find a better grind, forever times  
Sittin' behind me because I'm ahead of mine  
In this era I'm livin' outside of the paradigm  
I'm comin' outside with a pair of dimes  
Sharon and Caroline  
Share a line then they share a 9 inch, never mind  
I probably shouldn't even keep going  
'Cause these rappers keep hoein' with their teeth showing  
I set it off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse  
'Yo, yo, yo yo, yo yo, yo yo, just remember  
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